Supernatural, Sam/Gabriel, prompt was 'crowds'. PG-13 is the rating.

(I've never seen you in a suit before.)

For **pandionpandeus**, a twitfic that kinda grew on me.

Gabriel fits in practically anywhere with ease, which surprised Sam the first time he realized that Gabriel could be as serious as a funeral demanded (provided he respected the deceased more than a little) and then that Gabriel could be as obnoxious as a sports event demanded. (Sam was never drinking gatorade again, by the way. No, he doesn't want to talk about it.)

Sam, on the other hand, stood out from the crowd almost everywhere. He was too tall, too rough, too awkward.

(Pretending to be FBI or anything other than who he really was turned out to be awkward. Try explaining why he had calluses, had scars, had the air of someone who was always alert, always on guard, and try explaining that to someone who wouldn't understand.)

Sam envied Gabriel for his talent at vanishing into any group of people, anywhere, even if he was wearing something as silly as a shirt decorated with flamingos.

"...I've never seen you in a suit before." Sam says. He's surprised. Gabriel looks *good* in a suit, impressive even.

It's a black suit, well-tailored and to Sam's surprise nothing about it is obnoxious or silly - even the tie is a dark red color, and if he didn't know better he'd say that Gabriel worked either for big business, politics or the mafia.

"Yeah, well, I had something important to attend, kiddo. Don't get used to it." Gabriel's annoyed, already raising his hand to snap.

Sam grabs his hand. "Let it stay for a moment? You look good."

Gabriel rolls his eyes and shrugs. "Fine, but I'm changing the tie." Sam lets go and he snaps, and the tie settles into an eye-searing orange and pink and blue color scheme that's typical of Gabriel.

Sam has to ask. Even as he's moving closer, touching the suit, he has to ask. "Where were you?"

"Business," Gabriel says in a tone that clearly says 'ask again and I'll get very, very mad.' "Are you going to do anything about my outfit, or can I get rid of it?"

Sam pauses, itching to ask, unwilling to push at this, not when he can see that Gabriel's somewhat off, and he settles for taking ahold of the tie and dragging Gabriel into a kiss.

Gabriel immediately melts into the kiss, pressing up close to Sam and putting wrinkles in his suit. Sam pauses, then hugs him.

"Can I get out of this thing *now*?" Gabriel asks, and Sam smiles, almost smirking.

"Only if you do it manually." Sam says. "And leave the tie on."

Gabriel rolls his eyes, and steps back, pulling off the suit jacket. "You just want a handle on me, dontcha?"

"Actually, I was thinking of tying you up," Sam comments, watching. "I already have a handle on you."

Gabriel pauses, to see if Sam was serious, then slowly grins. "That you do, kiddo, that you do."